

SPAWN



136



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

A THOUSAND CLOWNS

PART THREE

DEDICATED TO
THE TMP DESIGN DEPARTMENT

PLOT

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SPAWN 135 SUMMARY

"The Phlebiac Bros. Pandemonium Circus" has a brand-new addition, "Hellspawn Patheticus." Contained by the Dead Zone, Spawn is put on display and is taught a lesson on just how truly evil and twisted The Clown is. Still troubled by the offer Mammon gave her, Nyx turns to her old friend Lily with hopes that she will help Nyx save Thea's soul. Lily makes it clear that she wants nothing to do with it, stating that the best help she can provide would be to pray for both Nyx and Thea. With his own psyche being invaded by Mammon, Spawn summons the strength to attempt one final escape.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



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OVERTURE:

THE WITCH WOMAN STANDS AT A CROSSROADS, HER HEART TORN BETWEEN LOYALTIES.

ONE FRIEND GONE MISSING, ANOTHER LOST TO DARKEST DESPAIR. IN THE END, SHE HAS BEEN TOLD, SHE CAN ONLY SAVE ONE.

SAVE ONE AND SENTENCE THE OTHER TO DOOM.

SHE CAN TASTE ADRENALINE IN HER MOUTH, BITTER AND STINGING, THE TASTE OF GUILT.

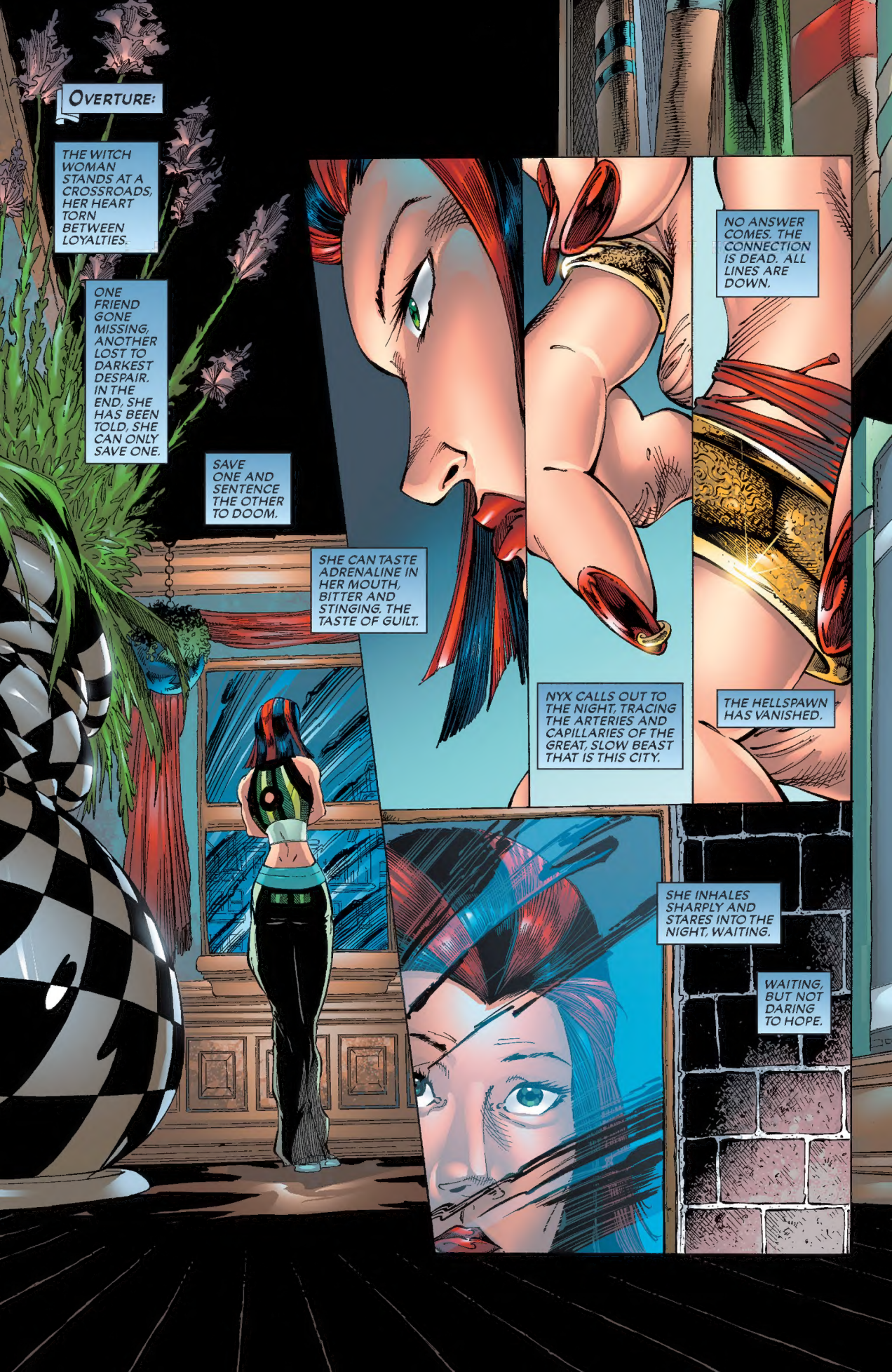
NO ANSWER COMES. THE CONNECTION IS DEAD. ALL LINES ARE DOWN.

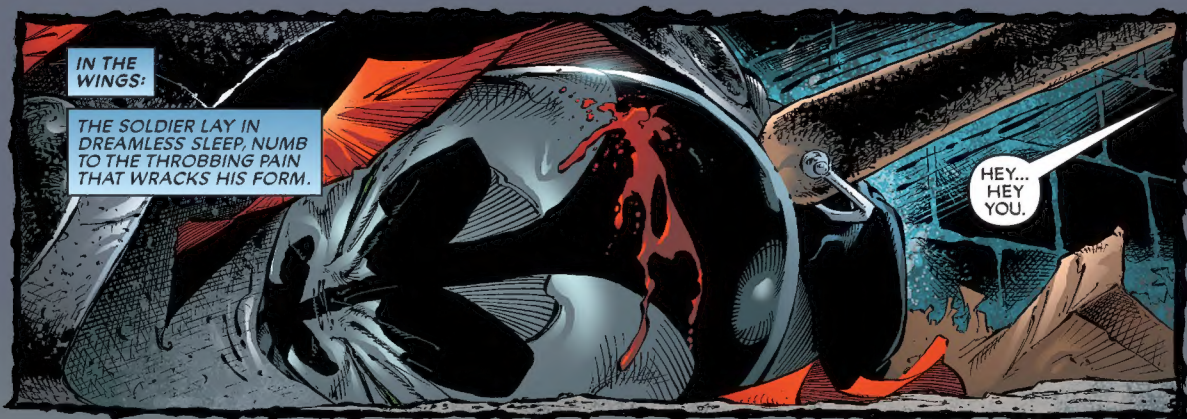
NYX CALLS OUT TO THE NIGHT, TRACING THE ARTERIES AND CAPILLARIES OF THE GREAT, SLOW BEAST THAT IS THIS CITY.

THE HELLSPAWN HAS VANISHED.

SHE INHALES SHARPLY AND STARES INTO THE NIGHT, WAITING.

WAITING, BUT NOT DARING TO HOPE.





IN THE WINGS:

THE SOLDIER LAY IN DREAMLESS SLEEP, NUMB TO THE THROBBING PAIN THAT WRACKS HIS FORM.

HEY...
HEY YOU.



HE
BREATHING?

YEAH.
JUST
BARELY.

STRIPPED OF HIS
POWERS, BEATEN
AND HUMILIATED,
HE IS LITTLE
MORE THAN A
BATTERED SACK
OF FRACTURED
BONES AND
BRUISED ORGANS.



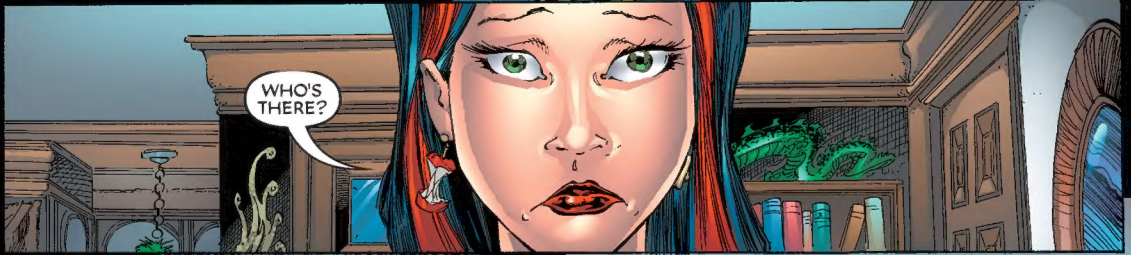
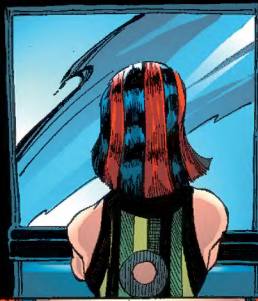
WHAT
A MESS,
HUH? COME
ON, LET'S
DO THIS.

YET DEEP INSIDE,
BENEATH THE
DARK WAVES OF
OBLIVION, A PART
OF HIM IS AWARE.



THE
BIG GUY IS
WAITING.

ALERT TO THE
FACT THAT THE
WORST IS YET
TO COME.



WHO'S THERE?

HELLO, NYX. THOSE CHARMS AND WARDS YOU'VE CAST AROUND YOUR HOME ARE IMPRESSIVE, BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP ME OUT.

I'M EVERYWHERE. I'M IN THE ATOMS, IN THE ATMOSPHERE. NOW, WHERE IS OUR FRIEND?

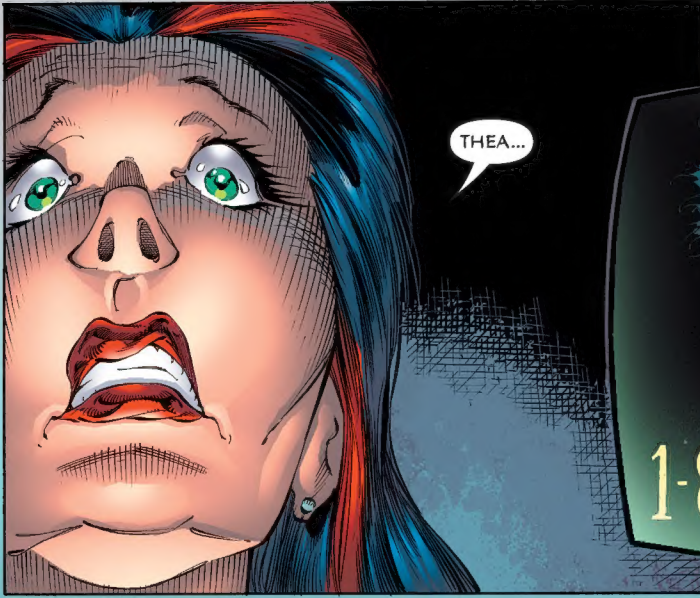
I DON'T KNOW. I HONESTLY DON'T. I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH HIM.

IF YOU'RE SO OMNIPOTENT, WHY DON'T YOU GO FIND HIM YOURSELF.

I SUPPOSE I COULD. BUT THEN HE MIGHT SEE ME COMING. I'M NOT PREPARED TO ALERT HIM. NOT YET.

WHAT IS THAT SOUND? IT SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE THE INCONSOLABLE SOBBING OF THE ETERNALLY DAMNED.



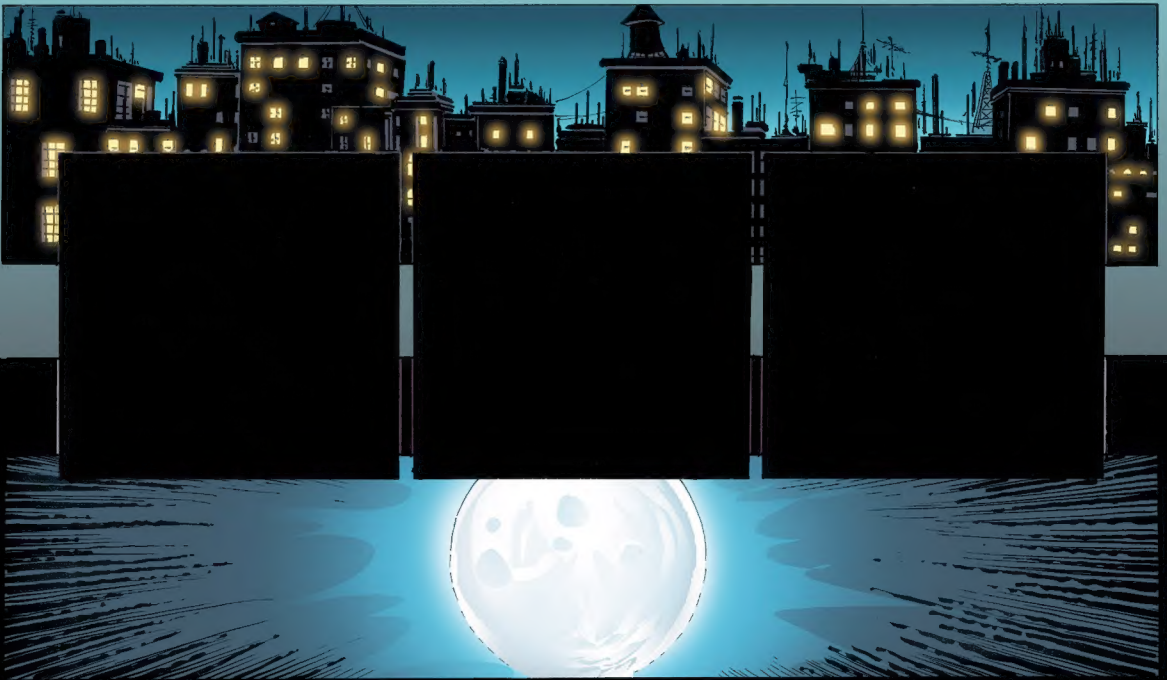


THEA...



REMEMBER,
IN THE END, ONLY
YOU CAN SAVE
HER. PLEASE, GIVE
TILL IT HURTS.

1-800-555-THEA



THE MIDWAY.





CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS. A SLOW, DULL ACHE AT FIRST.

UHHH-



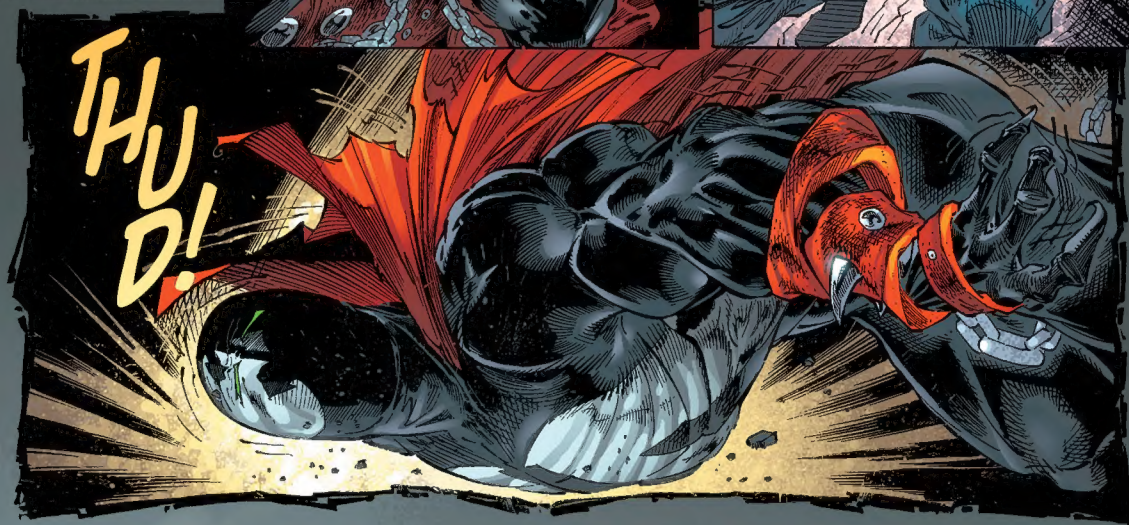
THEN A HURLING FREIGHT TRAIN OF PAIN.



INSTINCTIVELY, THE HELLSPAWN REVERTS TO HIS HUMAN FORM.

AAAAAAAH!

IT TAKES A TORTURED HEARTBEAT TO REALIZE HIS MISTAKE.



THUD!

SCRAP BY SCRAP, HE GATHERS STRENGTH. SPED BY A WARRIOR'S WILL, AS COLD AND UNBENDING AS HELL-FORGED STEEL.


IGNORE THE PAIN. FIGHT PAST IT.

SOMEONE COULD BE WATCHING. DON'T LET THEM SEE HOW MUCH YOU HURT.

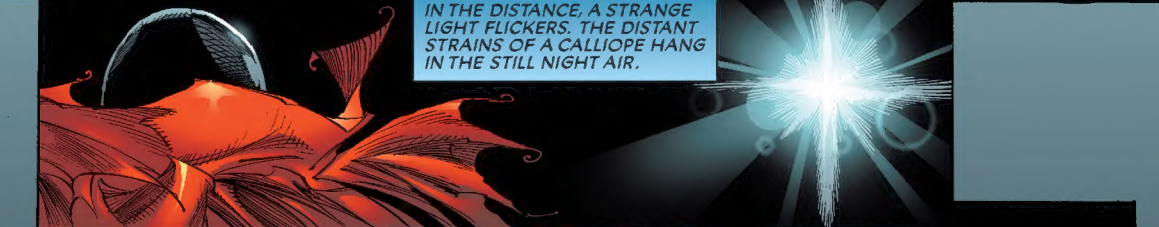


WHERE AM I?
HE THINKS. STILL
IN THE ALLEYS?

OUT OF THE DEAD ZONE, AT LEAST.
THE CHAINS THAT BIND HIM TO
HIMSELF MOVE WITH LIFE AGAIN.



THE BLOOD-
STAINED
MANTLE
FOLLOWS IN
TURN.



IN THE DISTANCE, A STRANGE
LIGHT FLICKERS. THE DISTANT
STRAINS OF A CALLIOPE HANG
IN THE STILL NIGHT AIR.



HE MOVES
FORWARD,
STEADFAST
AND DEFIANT.

NO FEAR.

NEVER SHOW
ANY FEAR.

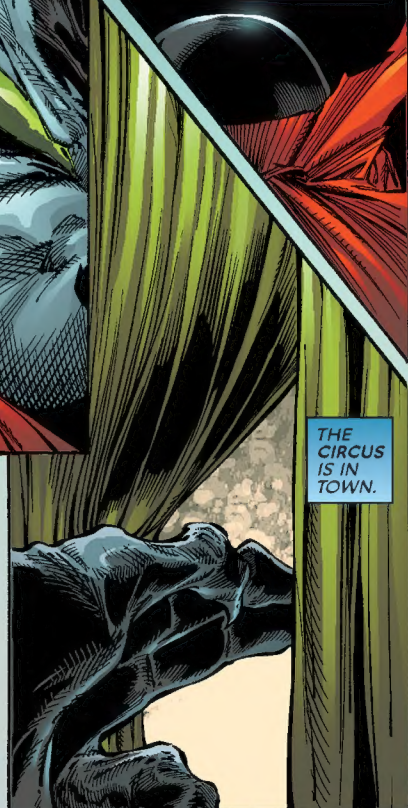


IS
THIS A
JOKE?



THE MUSIC GROWS LOUDER, MORE GIDDY.

WHEELING CHROMATIC SCALES LEAPING BY OCTAVE BY OCTAVE AND THEN FALLING DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH.



THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN.

THE
CENTER
RING.

BON SOIR,
MON AMI!
I WAS
BEGINNING
TO THINK
WE'D LOST
YOU.

**LADIES and
GENTLEMEN,**
OF ALL AGES--
MAY I PRESENT TO YOU THE MOST
SAD AND PATHETIC SACK OF SHIT
EVER TO STUMBLE ITS WAY
ACROSS CREATION.

HE'S TRAVELED
FROM THE HEIGHTS OF
Heaven TO THE
DEPTHS OF **HELL**
AND STILL CAN'T TELL
HIS ASS FROM HIS
SPIKY ELBOW.

BUT HE IS OUR
GUEST, AND HE DOES
PROMISE TO AMUSE AND
ENTERTAIN EVERY LAST ONE OF
YOU. SO PLEASE, **PLEASE,**
GIVE HIM A ROUND OF
APPLAUSE.

BOO!

BOO!

LOOSER!

BOO!

YOU
WANT TO
PLAY,
CLOWN?

LET'S
PLAY. I'M NOT
POWERLESS
ANYMORE.

PLAYTIME
IS OVER, SUNSHINE.
WE'RE PAST FUN 'N'
GAMES. SEE, THERE USED
TO BE RULES. YOU HAD TO
PLAY BY THEM. NOT
ANYMORE.

REMEMBER THAT
OLD FOOL WHO TOOK
THE THRONE OF HELL
FROM YOU? HE'S LOCKED
HIMSELF AWAY. LEFT THE
FOXES IN CHARGE OF
THE HEN HOUSE.

WE'VE
BEEN LEFT
ALL ON OUR
OWN, WITHOUT
ADULT
SUPERVISION.
IMAGINE
THAT.

AND
NOW, FOR OUR
MAIN EVENT!
A BATTLE FOR THE
HEARTS AND SOULS OF
A GENERATION!

A CLASH OF
CHAMPIONS
A TUSSELE BETWEEN
**TITANS. A
GRAND MELEE**
TO REMEMBER FOR
ALL TIME.

STANDING
IN THIS CORNER,
WEARING HIS
UNBREAKABLE WILL
ON HIS **SLEEVE**
AND CARRYING THE
**WEIGHT OF THE
WORLD**
ON HIS HUNKY
SHOULDERS...

THE
HELLSPAWN!

KICK HIS ASS!

KICK HIS
ASS!

BOO! BOOO!

KICK HIS ASS!

QUIET.

COME ON,
SIMMONS. LET'S
GIVE 'EM A SHOW.
REMEMBER THE
FIRST RULE OF
SHOW BIZ...

AND
IN THIS
CORNER, THE
PERRIOT OF
PERDITION, THE
**CLOWN
PRINCE**
OF THE
STYGIAN
DEPTHS.

YOU KNOW
HIM, YOU LOVE
HIM, CHILDREN WAIL
IN THE NIGHT ON THE
MERE MENTION
OF HIM....

MAY I
PRESENT...

**DEATH
ON TWO
LEGS.**

ALWAYS
GIVE THE
SUCKERS
WHAT THEY
WANT!

OOF!

SLAAM!!

COME ON, BOY! I HOPED YOU HAD A LITTLE MORE *SPIRIT* LEFT IN YOU!

AAAAH!

AT LEAST PRETEND YOU'VE GOT A HOPE IN HELL OF MAKING IT THROUGH THE NEXT TWO MINUTES ALIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THE ASSES OF THE MASSES THEIR NICKEL'S WORTH!!

THAT'S IT! SELL IT TO THE CHEAP SEATS! I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!

NOW, SHOW THEM YOUR GOOD SIDE AND TOSS OFF A MEMORABLE LINE OF HEROIC DIALOGUE.



SHUT
UP.

OKAY...
MAYBE WE'LL
PUNCH THAT UP IN
EDITING. NOW REALLY
LET ME HAVE IT. COME AT
ME WITH EVERYTHING
YOU'VE GOT! THAT'S
IT! THAT'S IT!

OOH...
I'M ON THE
ROPES NOW. IT
SEEMS THE TIDE
IS TURNING!
THE CROWD
IS ON THEIR
FEET!

BREAK
HIM!

DESTROY
HIM!

KILL
HIM!



HOW DOES HE DO IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN?

ODDS STACKED AGAINST HIM, PUMMELED AND PUNISHED FIGHTING AGAINST MIND-SEARING PAIN, YET HE KEEPS COMING!

NOW, THAT IS HEART! THAT IS THE STUFF OF LEGENDS! THE UNBREAKABLE SPIRIT, THE COURAGE OF A KING!

KEEP TALKING!

AARGH!

I'VE BEATEN YOU BEFORE. I'LL BEAT YOU AGAIN.

IN HAMPI!

HAHAHA!
HAVEN'T YOU
WORKED IT OUT
YET? IT DOESN'T
MATTER IF YOU BEAT
ME! I'M NOT HERE TO
WIN. I'M ONLY HERE
TO MAKE SURE
YOU LOSE.

AND
TO MAKE
SURE THAT
EVERY ATOM IN
YOUR BEING
KNOWS
YOU'VE
LOST.

HOORAY!

KILL HIM!

YEAH!

KRUNCH!

UFF!

WE MAY BE
OLD FOES, BUT
WE BOTH KNOW
FULL WELL WHO
YOUR WORST
ENEMY IS.

IT'S THAT
FELLOW WHO
STARES BACK AT
YOU WHENEVER
YOU MAKE THE
MISTAKE OF
GAZING IN A
MIRROR.

**KILL
HIM!**

**RIP
HIM TO
PIECES!**

THE SAD
LITTLE FOOL
ONLY GETS SO
FAR UP THE
LADDER BEFORE
SLIDING ALL THE
WAY DOWN
AGAIN!

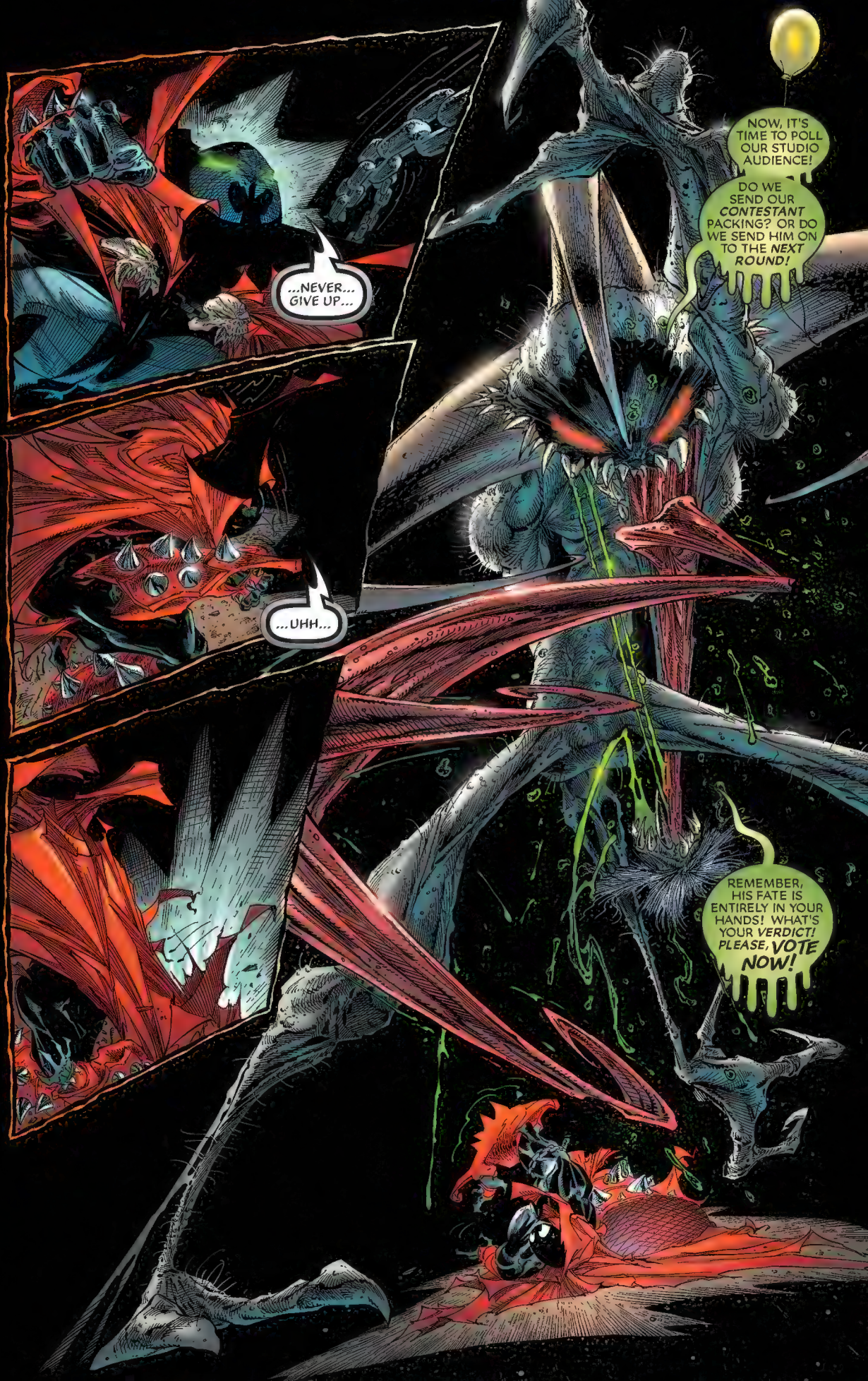
SURELY,
YOU MUST
HAVE RECOGNIZED
THE PATTERN BY
NOW. JUST ADMIT IT:
YOU WERE BORN
TO LOSE, BORN
TO FAIL!

PHOOOM!

ABANDON
ALL HOPE!

NO...
NEVER...





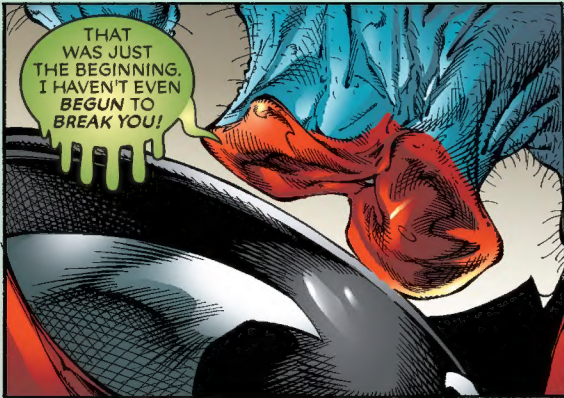
NOW, IT'S
TIME TO POLL
OUR STUDIO
AUDIENCE!

DO WE
SEND OUR
CONTESTANT
PACKING? OR DO
WE SEND HIM ON
TO THE NEXT
ROUND?

...NEVER...
GIVE UP...

...UHH...

REMEMBER,
HIS FATE IS
ENTIRELY IN YOUR
HANDS! WHAT'S
YOUR VERDICT!
PLEASE, VOTE
NOW!





WHAT THE
HELL
HAPPENED?

BLACKOUT.

GOD DAMN IT.

GET COMFY,
FOLKS. IT'S
GOING TO BE A
WILD, DARK
NIGHT.

AND A
LONG TIME
TILL
DAWN.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE